

WHAT'S THE USE OF CONGRESS, OR ANYBODY, INVESTIGATING ALGERISM?



"HE'S All Right, I'M All Right, WE'RE All Right."

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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

LET IT
BE VICTORY
FOR ALL
DEMOCRATS.

It may be assumed that the purpose of the gentlemen calling themselves "The Chicago Platform Democrats," who have called a convention to meet at Syracuse coincidentally with the regular State Convention of the Democratic party, is to act in an advisory capacity to the latter body. Many of them are known to their respective sections as Democrats of unimpeached loyalty and of undoubted influence. Their convention will beyond doubt express the opinions and voice the wishes of a very great proportion of the 551,000 loyal Democrats who voted for Bryan in 1896. What they have to urge upon the regular State Convention should be heard with the respect that should naturally be accorded to the expressed wishes of a large body of party voters in a close State.

And as it will be the part of wisdom and of prudence for the regular party managers to lend a respectful ear to what the Chicago platform men have to say, so will it be the part of loyalty and party honor for the latter to use their undoubted strength to further party success rather than to promote factional strife. It must be apparent to them that success in New York this Fall presages victory in the nation in 1900, and the political theories upon which they lay so much stress, no less than the national candidate to whom they all profess allegiance, will meet their crucial test in that year. It is proper, too, to call the attention of these gentlemen to the fact that in the result of this State election is involved the retention by Senator Murphy of his seat in the Senate, or its surrender to a Platt "sound money" man—which is to say to a Senator by, of, and for the trusts. Senator Murphy's earnest support of Mr. Bryan in 1896, and his courageous and consistent vote on the Senate silver resolutions, should earn for him the support of every man calling himself a Chicago Platform Democrat.

The Journal recognizes in the gentlemen of this supplementary convention Democrats who are striving for what they believe the best interests of their party, and it believes that in the end their efforts will be directed, as those of every loyal Democrat must be, toward putting New York again in the Democratic column and sending back to the United States Senate a man whose record submitted to the test of the Chicago platform shows no single flaw.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR is still an American. This surprising news comes from England, where he is not yet allowed to vote, on the technical ground that he is an alien. But legal will follow actual naturalization, and then the peerage, bought with good New York money.

WHAT IS THE USE OF occult science when a whole townful of astrologers, clairvoyants and fortune tellers was unable to tell Teddy Roosevelt two years ago that the time was coming when he would like to have been a different sort of Police Commissioner?

ROOSEVELT having been nominated for Governor without assistance by Mr. Platt, why not Seth Low for Lieutenant-Governor by the same Convention of One?

GRIGGS, Attorney-General Griggs, Griggs of New Jersey. Formerly Griggs, corporation lawyer. Now Griggs, counsel for the defence in the suit of the American People vs. Alger and McKinley. Pity Griggs.

Can the
President
Be
Magnanimous?

Mr. Bryan's attitude since the war began has been thoroughly dignified, wholly patriotic. During all the long and vexing delays which preceded the declaration of war he resolutely kept silence, refusing to embarrass the Administration by any factious criticism or unsought advice. Upon the call for troops he raised a regiment, and, with himself at its head, offered it to the President.

That is to say, Mr. Bryan so little allowed politics to interfere with his conception of duty that he put his life and his future at the absolute disposal of his chief political rival.

The war now is over. Regiments are being mustered out every day. For those that remain in service no duty more glorious than mere police work is likely to arise.

It ought to be apparent to the President that every consideration of political decency demands that the Third Nebraska, with Colonel Bryan, should be mustered out without more ado.

Politically Mr. Bryan represents more than six million American citizens. Were the war still in progress they would hope to see him assigned to active service, and feel individual pride in his achievements. In peace, however, they desire him restored to his native field of civil leadership. They can discern in the executive action which leaves him captive in a Florida pine wood nothing more than partisan meanness, the ignoble promptings of political cowardice or political fear. We do not believe the President to be animated by any motive so petty. We do not believe that the matter has ever been put before him with the frankness it deserves, for we know that Colonel Bryan himself would not utter a complaint. But if the men about the President are incapable of understanding the gravity of the situation in which he is placed, it is well that it should be brought home to him. The case can be put in a nutshell:

To exile Colonel Bryan, to hold his regiment unnecessarily to further duty in camp and under arms, when other commands are being mustered out daily, will be a course explainable only on the ground that the Administration fears the activity of the Democratic leader in the pending elections. And if the conviction ever fastens itself upon the minds of the people that such is the case the Administration will suffer more than it could through the activity of a dozen Bryans.

TWO
OF
A KIND.

A general who adopted a plan that needlessly cost life, in order to avoid co-operation with the navy, and the sharing of the glory of victory; who lay in his hammock far to the rear, having his head rubbed with ice while his men did without his leadership and won; who believed his army beaten when it had triumphed, and would have retreated but for Miles; who left his commissary and medical departments to look out for themselves, and made himself responsible for hideous confusion in branches of the service on which the health of his troops depended; who permitted the wounded and sick to be loaded on filthy transports like cattle, so that they died of neglect and hunger—such a general's approval is of doubtful value to a Secretary of War who will have to answer for pushing this brutal incompetent to the front and encouraging him secretly to be insubordinate to his commanding officer, Miles.

Mere civilians will say that Shafter has offences and troubles

President McKinley has an opportunity to show himself the equal in magnanimity, unflinching patriotism and political fair play of the man whom he defeated for the Presidency.

That is a simple statement of the situation which confronts the President, a situation which the people understand even if he does not.

enough of his own to keep him busy. But the circumstance that these offences are of a sort that have brought him into the same boat with Alger, and that the storm of public anger promises to overwhelm both in a common and deserved fate, may account for the affection which subsists between Alger and Shafter.

They are two of a kind.

THE
DEWEY
POLICY.

Manila, Aug. 23, via San Francisco, Sept. 22.—Admiral Dewey is a rampant annexationist and wants to hold all the islands and read the riot act to any nation that puts in a claim for a square foot of Philippine territory.

Of course. Who would look for any other spirit from the conqueror of Manila Bay? Admiral Dewey is an American through and through. He is also a man of sense. In both qualities he is against half way measures in a situation that imperatively calls for decisive action.

To hold a part of the Philippines—a naval station at Manila or the entire island of Luzon—and leave the rest to Spain, outright or under American supervision, would be simply to insure endless trouble for ourselves. Or should we order Spain out bag and baggage and wash our hands otherwise of responsibility for the government of the group, that would be to invite a scramble of the colonizing European nations for possession, and a state of things which inevitably would compel our intervention.

All or none is the Dewey idea, and it is the right idea. Either we should accept with both hands the great prize won in the game of war, or turn our backs upon it. To be half-hearted is the surest way of increasing responsibilities, multiplying problems and sowing the seeds of future embarrassments, perhaps wars.

The course of the McKinley Administration in paltering with the situation has already borne fruit in a swelling army of anxious and distrustful Filipinos, an appeal of Aguinaldo to the powers, and encouragement to Spain to set up a claim to a sovereignty of which we and the natives acting together have in actual fact despoiled her. And the longer the Administration palters the more complicated and dangerous and harder to untie the Philippine knot will become.

The American people are with Admiral Dewey, and not with President McKinley. The first duty of the United States is "to hold all the islands and read the riot act to any nation that puts in a claim for a square foot of Philippine territory." After that events would dictate action. Time must be allowed to determine the degree of self-government for which the Filipinos are fitted. But the Stars and Stripes being up over the Philippines,

Nail the flag to the mast!

PLATT'S
PUPPET
SHOW.

"T. C. Platt, Dealer in Offices, at Wholesale and Retail. Legislation furnished in the season."

That is the sign that hangs in effect outside the office of the United States Express Company. Two years ago Mr. Platt fished an unknown young man out of the depths of minor Republican politics in Troy and made him Governor of the first State of the Union. This young man, having disobeyed the orders of the boss in some particulars, is to be punished by being refused a re-nomination, but Mr. Platt tells him he can have the United States Senatorship if he is good.

What the people think about this method of disposing of their chief officers is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

It happens, however, that the Senatorial seat into which Mr. Platt proposes to kick his discarded Governor is occupied at present by a gentleman who has the distinction of being his own master. The people will think a long time before turning out Senator Murphy to make room for one of the puppets in Boss Platt's Punch and Judy show.

Making
Bad
Worse.

Denying truth that is burned into the consciousness of the American people will not veil the horrors of Algerism. Graves are facts, and no rhetoric from the attorneys of an Administration guilty of Alger can hide the mounds where sleep the country's soldiers murdered by the War Department's incompetency, and worse.

Attorney-General Griggs has taken a brief for Alger, and at the New Jersey Republican Convention on Thursday he was not withheld by shame from saying this:

I do not speak of that other item which certain newspapers and others are trying to make the leading issue of the Democratic campaign. Forgetting the glory, the achievement, the success with which an army of 200,000 men was raised out of nothing and a hostile nation almost wiped out in ninety days, they are hovering like buzzards over the battle-fields and hospitals and graveyards, looking only for the misery and suffering and death which are inevitable in war. Surely the Democratic party has not been reduced so low in its supply of proper subjects for political division as to need to rely upon yellow fever and yellow literature.

Suffering and death are inevitable in war, but an Alger is not. Suffering and death are inevitable in peace, but cities do not therefore trundle sick and wounded men through the streets in springless carts, or place horse doctors in charge of hospitals, or starve the patients, or leave them without medicine and nurses, or sacrifice life by wholesale that corporations may be enriched and favorites be given profitable berths. When these phenomena do sporadically appear in peace, "yellow newspapers" cry jobbery and villainy, and the people's indignation works reform. And if a political party is responsible for the crimes, that political party is punished by being deprived of the power which it has abused. That is party government.

"The glory, the achievement, the success" of war, won by the valor of American fighters, officers and men, provide a shining background against which the blackness of Algerism is shown—they blazon the distinction between the patriot soldier and the rotten politician, who makes of war not an occasion to serve, but an opportunity to job and plunder.

To declare, as Griggs, shameless attorney for the defence, has done, that because suffering and death are inseparable from war Alger is not to blame, is equivalent to saying that because camp-followers are wont to visit the battle-field by night and pillage the dead and wounded, there should be no protest against the horrid work of camp-followers, since they operate in obedience to an inevitable law. Griggs would have it that because some suffering and some death necessarily accompany war, it is futile, even wicked, to put any limit to death and suffering.

So is incompetency inevitable in war. But is that an argument for seeking an incompetent for the office of Secretary of War, and keeping him there?

No, Mr. Griggs, what you see circling overhead in the political heavens is not a buzzard hungrily eyeing the "battle-fields, hospitals and graveyards," but the Spirit of Vengeance counting the dead who perished, not by Spanish bullets, but by Algerism—by a mismanagement so cruel and needless and gross that the civilized world has shuddered at it.

Not the Democratic party, but the American people, will pass sentence in due time upon an Administration which, after slaying our soldiers in peace by the wanton thousand, has the heartless hardihood to send forth its Attorney-General to pronounce the work of the unspeakable Alger good—so good that only partisan malice can find fault with it.

The day of reckoning is not distant, and not all the Griggses and Hannas, with all the conscienceless wealth of the land behind them, can stay the blow of vengeance that is destined to fall and crush.

"IN GOTHAM," KOSTER & BIAL'S LATEST BURLESQUE—Reviewed by Alan Dale.

THE time seems to be rapidly approaching when the audience will be asked to join with the stage in the manufacture of burlesques and breezy entertainments. The newest affair at Koster & Bial's, called "In Gotham," really makes you feel, as you sit idly in your seat—a lazy spectator—that you ought to be up and doing something for your living. There are the ushers, all made up for the occasion, in regal red clothes and badly fitting wigs, and there is Miss Josie Hall, in her "Rag Time Liz" song, accompanied by small non-stage boys, who walk up and down the aisles of the auditorium and show how unnecessary a stage experience really is.

I half expected Manager Alfred Aarons to beg me to arise and criticize the show viva voce for the benefit of the assembled audience. That would have been a novelty and I should have assented willingly, of course. I looked eagerly to see if the occupants of the boxes were cast for roles in "In Gotham," and I shouldn't have been surprised if the people on the stage had adjourned for the last act to the gallery, or the people of the gallery had trans-

ferred themselves for the last act to the stage. On successful occasions the audience and the stage are always supposed to be in touch. What is the matter with utilizing that circumstance, now that everything else has been done? How pleasant to feel that after you have paid \$1.50 for a seat you will be allowed to exhibit yourself to the crowd, instead of stagnating unseen in a silent chair! Surely the well-known mania for stage work would induce a series of packed houses if we were permitted to appear, instead of being merely asked to pay out our cash and sit still. Nearly all "first-nighters" have "specialties" of some sort. What a hit they would make, neatly and unexpectedly sandwiched in among the work of the common professional.

The new offering at Koster & Bial's is a pleasant affair—even as it is. Whether the ushers in their gorgeous, Solomonian garbs helped or not, I don't know. I don't think that they do. My opinion is that if Mr. Aarons led in the critics every night, wearing silver handkerchiefs and long, fluffy coats, this feature would outdo the ushers.

I'm sorry for the ushers anyway. It seems hard that a lot of sober, industrious men, who have always showed their willingness to applaud bad turns, should be asked to make monkeys of themselves. Let the others do it—and leave the ushers free to be a clique.

"In Gotham" is the work of Joseph Herbert, aided musically by the smiling conductor, Max Gabriel. The piece is a curious evolution of ordinary burlesque, flavored with the London Empire ballet (very slightly flavored, by the bye). It is largely a question of girl, and girl in tights, and that feature of its make-up is eminently successful. It is dull only when Mr. Herbert lets himself loose in "jokes" and when the stage is seriously darkened for an irrelevant "Rip Van Winkle" interpolation, with a scene in the Catskills.

Mr. Herbert is not a happy person. I should say that he was haunted by ghosts—ghosts of other people's jokes—dead and gone jokes at that. The girl who is told to take a car, and immediately gets a toy car thrust into her hands, is a mossy souvenir of "1892" years ago, and there are

other indications that Mr. Herbert's humor is a thing with a past and no future. To Mr. Carle is assigned a hideous array of antique jests, which he recites off one after the other, as though he knew they were second-hand.

Still, an affair like "In Gotham" isn't written. Like Topsy, it grows. It has many attractive features. The scene in the big store is a lively one, and its shoppers in tights will give many a lady a wrinkle. It is the idealization of a big store; minus the squalor, and the hurry and the general unloveliness. As I said before, the jokes hurt it. It is questionable whether any big store could live if its patrons were asked to laugh at such humors as Mr. Carle exudes.

The second scene of the second act is also good, with its Hebrew cake walk and its "surprises." This scene follows the daisy thing in the Catskills, which is supposed to suggest the ballets of the London Empire, but which doesn't suggest them. A London Empire ballet is a very ornate and creaky affair, and it cannot be duplicated by a couple of coveys of sporting maidens, a few electric flashes, and a moon.

"In Gotham" will rely for success upon its specialties. As soon as it tries to be pretty and artistic it fails. You get a sort of sickly prettiness that you don't want.

Miss Josie Hall is perhaps the most interesting member of "In Gotham's" cast. Rigged up as a tough girl, in all the colors of the rainbow and a few more, her Rag Time Liz is quite an exhilarating impersonation. Miss Hall knows how to sing a comic song, because she doesn't cut its words. The comic song interpreters of this city are as a rule satisfied with "carrying" the air. They swallow the words whole, and many a dainty lyric pen has been mistreated in this way. Miss Hall is kinder and wiser. Every word is intelligible. A song like "She Only Had a Dollar in Her Purse," for instance, wouldn't amount to the proverbial row of pins if it were sung by anybody else. This little lady, however, emphasizes its point—when it has any—and gives it a value that is quite surprising.

The "Rag Time Liz" ditty makes the hit of "In Gotham." Mr. Alfred Aarons, for getting his onerous duties of manager and Adonis, fell to and did the music. While heavily edged with black should be distrib-

uted and used while he is on the stage. He was successful only in a couple of parts, only with Miss Hall. That was indeed a capital piece of work, the only spot in the piece for people who want anything more than fling and girl. It was so good that there really wasn't enough of it. That is a great recommendation. There was nearly too much of everything else.

Mr. Abraham, the "animal" impersonator, did a clever bit of work as a dog. This actor is a remarkably talented person, who, if I mistake not, came from London with the "Chatterbox" pantomime some years ago. His work is ungrateful, for the unthinking would dub it puerile and stupid. But that dog in the first act was excellent. It is harder work to mimic a dog than a man, and—according to a certain French lady—the dog should be just as worthy. Dick Bernard—the brother of the stellular Sam—was a rather lugubrious Rip Van Winkle, and Mr. Sloan had nothing new to offer as a Christie street celebrity.

"In Gotham," however, will probably go. It is light and frothy, and though occasionally I prefer a "vaudeville" bill any day, there are others who don't. I beg to convey to Mr. Aarons the suggestion I made at the beginning of this, and to assure him that I'll help him out in any way that I can—provided that he release the ushers from their servitude.

ALAN DALE.